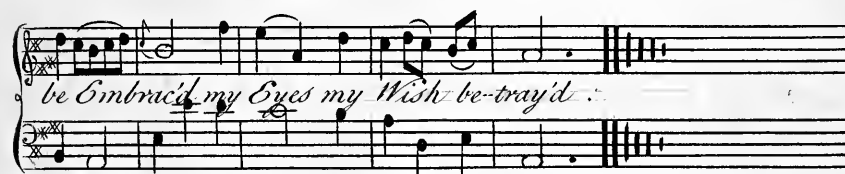




Fair Chloe set by M^r. Allcock



*I trembling felt the rising Flame,
The Charming, Aymph pursuit,
Ioaphne was not so bright a Game,
The great Apollo's darling Dame,
Nor with such Charms endu'd.*

*I follow'd close, the fair still flew,
Along the Grassy Plain,
The Grass at length my rival grew,
And catch'd my Chloe by the Shoe,
Her speed was then in vain.*

*But oh! as tott'ring down she fell,
What did the fall reveal,
Such Limbs description cannot tell,
Such charms were never in the Hall,
Nor smock did e'er Conceal.*

*She shriek'd I turn'd my ravish'd eyes,
And burning with desire
I help'd the Queen of love to rise,
She check'd her anger & surprize,
And said rash youth retire.*

*Be gone and boast what you have seen,
It shan't avail you much,
I know you like my form and mien,
Yet since so Insolent they have been,
Those parts you neer shall touch.*

FLUTE

